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THE CHAMPION OF THE PROTECTED ROBBERS.

THE GREATEST LIVING STATESMAN.—Stand back! Trusts are private affairs, with which neither President Cleveland nor any private citizen has any particular right to interfere!



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Editor, - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, August 29th, 1888.—No. 599.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE NOISY MAN who is fighting for the war-tariff has but one weapon, and that is misrepresentation; but one way of using it—by shouting. Now, to have to talk reason and common-sense; to have to appeal to the intelligence and common-sense of your hearers against an opponent whose only reply is vociferous abuse, and who never stops to think whether he is or is not telling the truth—this is certainly a task that tries the temper. It is not a difficult thing to prove to an intelligent nation that over-taxation is a burden to any people; and the man who preaches this simple doctrine, knowing that he speaks the truth, need not fear any attempt to confute him by logical argument. Yet he may well be annoyed if, while he is talking, another man, who is interested in keeping the people over-taxed, assails him, not with arguments but with abuse, denouncing him as the enemy of the workingman, the emissary of the Cobden Club, a conspirator sworn to destroy his country, and a subsidized annihilator of the industries of the nation. This sort of thing is annoying, not because it has any justification in truth or reason; but because it is an impertinent and insincere interruption, instead of being a frank and honorable rejoinder.

This sort of thing, however, the Republican party has chosen by way of tactics for this campaign. It is the choice of desperation. It has no chance of success that we can see, unless the clamor of calumny is strong enough to drown the voice of reason and common-sense. But, all the same, it is offensive and brutal: it is designed to annoy and confuse; and in some instances, no doubt, it accomplishes its purpose. Mud-slinging is contemptible enough; but it is not every man at whom mud is slung who realizes this truth at the moment of the mud-slinging. For the benefit of those who find fair argument met with foul abuse, we offer a few memoranda which may not come amiss. This battle, for fair taxation and honest government, is ours—and we must not forget that the right is the side that wins, by right.

I.—Let us not forget, first of all, that there can not be one honest, sincere, reasonable argument against a fair and equitable reduction of our present tariff.

II.—All that we propose—all that anybody has ever proposed, or thought of proposing—is a fair and equitable reduction of the tariff.

III.—The reduction proposed (by the Mills Bill) is a reduction of about 7 per cent. on a tariff which averages 47 per cent. of duty.

IV.—This is not Free-Trade.

V.—This does not "mean" Free-Trade.

VI.—A 7-per-cent. reduction on a 47-per-cent. tariff is no more like Free-Trade than washing your face is like drowning yourself.

VII.—"Free-Trade" is not a phrase which should frighten any believers in tariff reform. If Free-Trade pays this country better than Protection, Free-Trade will be the policy of the country. But this is a question which will probably interest another generation more than it can interest us. We are engaged in trying to reform an antiquated tariff so as to meet the needs of the citizens of the present day.

VIII.—A lie is born unhealthy. It is easy to tell the workingman that over-taxing his food, fuel and clothing puts money into his pocket; but it is not easy to bring proof of this assertion, if he begins to ask pertinent questions.

IX.—The workingman is beginning to ask questions. You who believe in tariff-reform have only to tell him the truth. Your opponents have got to conceal the truth from him. You have the advantage.

X.—If the workingman asks you whether wages are not lower in England, where there is no protective tariff, than they are here, tell him they are lower there. Tell him also that the cost of living is lower, and that a day's work there is about two-thirds of a day's work here.

XI.—Tell him also that wages in Germany, where there is a protective tariff, are still lower, far lower, than in England.

XII.—Tell him, moreover, that the rate of wages is influenced very little, practically not at all, by the tariff or the lack of a tariff. There is one thing, and one thing only, that keeps wages down in Great Britain and Germany—the overplus of laborers. He can convince himself of this by observing the number of the emigrants who come to this country.

XIII.—Point out to him that if these emigrants keep on coming, the rate of wages will go down here as it has gone down in Europe.

XIV.—Point out to him furthermore that if a heavy tax is levied on foreign raw materials and foreign manufactures, while no tax is levied on foreign labor, the American workingman stands a poor chance of getting employment.

XV.—"Protection" is said to protect the laborer. But the miner in protected Pennsylvania gets 65 cents a day, and the unprotected carpenter gets from \$2.50 upward. Let the laborer consider this little paradox, and compare the case of the protected woolen-mill hands with the unprotected house-painters, and the protected iron-moulders with the unprotected railroad engineers. He can figure out for himself which is the better off of either pair.

XVI.—If, when you tell the truth about these matters, anybody calls you an emissary of the Cobden Club, ask him if he knows what the Cobden Club is, where it lives, and what it does.

XVII.—If any man tells you that he honestly thinks that England will be benefited by a reduction of the American tariff, ask him "How? Why? and Wherefore?" England lives on her foreign trade: if we induce foreigners to trade with us, we take her business away.

XVIII.—England has most of the immense trade of the South American States. We ought to have it. We could have it, if we would let the South Americans sell their goods in our market.

XIX.—If the tariff permitted South America to send her goods here, we could export our goods in return, and double the foreign market for American manufactures. She ships raw materials—rubber, coffee, hides, etc. And buys manufactures—machinery, clothing, tools, furniture. She deals with England, because our tariff shuts her out.

XX.—You will not find it hard to show that "trusts"—combinations of manufacturers to raise the price of goods to consumers—are not "private affairs, with which neither President Cleveland nor any private citizen has any particular right to interfere." (James G. Blaine.)

It is well to remember the truths that are here suggested, and to remember how much more important, how much more effective, how much more powerful they are than all the shifting and quibbling and lying which the other side can oppose to them. Let us not for a moment accept the monstrous idea that falsehood can have the inherent strength of truth. When the managers of the Republican party issued their "tract" comparing English with American wages, the *New York Evening Post* exhibited that tract's absurdity, as a campaign document, in a dozen words. How, it asked, could a 47-per-cent. tariff make a difference of from 200 to 400 per cent. in the wages of the laborer? There was no answer: with the lie goes the truth to shame it. So we shall find it as we make the whole question of tariff reform clearer to the people. "If we do not make a problem," says Professor Sumner, "there will not be any." Our task is simple. We have only to tell the truth. While we get no better answer than false statements, we can safely leave them to work their own destruction.



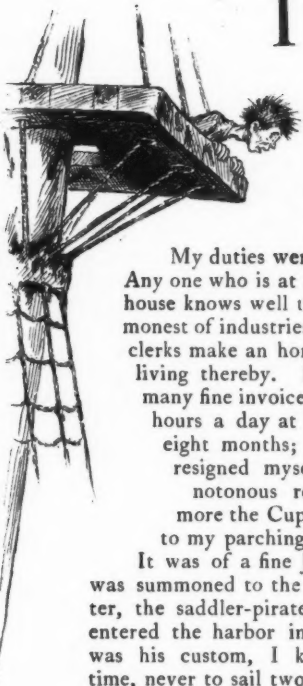
PUCK'S PROGRESSIVE LESSONS IN "PROTECTION." II.

The True History of Captain Robert Kidd

Related by Himself and Posthumously Published, with Notes,
by

LEE BILGE, ESQ., Formerly his Boatswain.

CHAPTER VII.*



I WILL PASS lightly over the weary record of the next four years. On reaching the shore, I was welcomed warmly by my employer's agent, who showed no desire whatever to be rid of my company. I may say, indeed, that during all my stay with him, he took the utmost pains not to lose sight of me for any considerable time, and he made it his especial care that I should lead an industrious and steady life.

My duties were simple, nor need I enlarge upon them. Any one who is at all familiar with the routine of a custom-house knows well that swearing to false entries is the commonest of industries, and that many humble errand-boys and clerks make an honest, though meagre, living thereby. I swore gallantly to many fine invoices, and worked twelve hours a day at my trade for forty-eight months; and I had well-nigh resigned myself to a life of monotonous rectitude, when once more the Cup of Fortune was held to my parching lips.

It was of a fine June afternoon that I was summoned to the presence of my master, the saddler-pirate, who had that day entered the harbor in a new ship, for it was his custom, I knew not why at the time, never to sail two voyages in the same vessel, and did he appear one trip in the *Jamaica* or the *Santa Cruz*, so surely did

he appear the next with the *Sea-Serpent*.

When we reached his new craft, which was called the *Octopus*, I perceived that he was about to put to sea. In truth, before I got to have audience of him, we were under way; and with a fresh breeze filling our sails, we made such work of it that by five o'clock there was no sign of land astern of us.

The skipper greeted me not unkindly, but, being busied at the moment, ordered me, as by force of habit, to the main-truck, where, in a short space of time I became witness of a scene that produced upon me a most violent shock, and in some measure dashed my spirits.

We had not sailed far when we sighted, and before long overhauled, a large and slow-going barque, seemingly heavily laden; but instead of dipping our colors to this inoffensive merchant vessel, or exchanging the friendly greetings of men of one trade, judge, gentle reader, of my astonishment and horror, when I saw our ship draw up alongside of the helpless stranger, grapple with her, and sweep her decks of men with repeated discharges of a large brass swivel-gun.

Then, rushing aboard the hapless craft, our men with their cutlasses soon dispatched every wounded wretch who had chanced to survive the first massacre, and in less than fifteen minutes, the bodies having been thrown overboard, our crew was engaged in transferring the stranger's cargo to our own hold. As the men worked with a will, and were stout, sturdy fellows, and many in number, the work was completed almost before I had recovered from my first horror and the sight of so much inhospitable and unkindly treatment of innocent fellow-beings.

Being now conscious of a sickness at my stomach, and dizziness in my head, the which arose, I have no doubt, from the mere sight of such blood and cruelty, the like of which



"I swore gallantly to many fine invoices."

I had not gazed upon before, I attempted to descend to the deck, but, having an unsteady footing, I lost my balance at some height from the bottom, and fell so heavily that for some time I lost consciousness, and was only aroused when I found a seaman dashing buckets of salt water into my face.

"What ho! my lad," cried our skipper, as he saw me coming to life: "and how dost thou fancy a pirate's life?"

To this I could make no answer, for I was still sick, and somewhat dazed by my fall; but I made shift to hold my tongue, rightly thinking that if I spoke my mind I might displease him.

Seeing my condition, he laughed heartily, and called to one of his men to bring a bottle of brandy.

"He is a bit new to the craft, and his stomach is young and weak for valiant deeds. A rousing draught will put life into the lad."

I found, indeed, that after a few swigs of the brandy, though my throat was sorely scorched, my heart grew stouter, and I felt more content with my life. Very presently the stuff went to my head, and I began talking as bravely as the best of them, and declaring to my mates that there was no life like a pirate's.

"Ah, now," said my employer: "I see you are a lad of some spirit, and, in short, the bully fellow I took you for. Now you shall know the favor I have in store for you — no less than to make you Captain of yonder ship, and to set you up for yourself in the business of pirate. I have heard good reports of you as a perjurer, and I design to reward you. The ship, it is true, is something old, and mayhap not so fast as some, but she will do to begin with, and will furnish a fine start in life for an ambitious young man.

Her name is now the *Mary and Lucy*, which is but a poor name for a pirate; but we will soon change that, and with the black flag at the peak, you will be bravely equipped for your new career."

I strove to express my gratitude; but my employer would not listen to my thanks. While his men made such changes in the accoutrement of my vessel as he deemed fitting, he plied me with brandy; and I had lost much of my accustomed clearness of thought and precision of speech, when about midnight, I was borne to my ship on the shoulders of two huge seamen.

The rest of the crew accompanied me, waving torches and clashing their cutlasses. A cask of rum had been broached, and the pannikins passed from hand to hand, while my elevation was hailed with hearty cheers. From my lofty place I bade them drink heartily, and selected from among them my officers. So flushed was I with excitement, that at the last all things, torches, men, and flashing swords swam before my eyes; and I have no knowledge of when or how I feel asleep.

"I was borne to my ship on the shoulders of two huge seamen."



"And how dost thou fancy a pirate's life?"

(To be continued.)

* This story was begun in No. 593

MADGE.

By T. B. A——h.



MADGE COMES. Her feet are lily buds,
And on my heart I feel,
Like dewdrops light, their dainty thuds
In wounds that will not heal.
I guard the scars with tender care
Her heel and toe have planted there.

Madge sighs—the air from East to West
With musk and spice is rife—
I draw its charm into my breast,
I breathe her fragrant life,
Until, with drooped yet smiling eyes,
She murmurs soft: "Ah, there, my sighs!"

Madge speaks. I pale and fail and faint,
And tremble at the knees;
For were I king or sage or saint,
And wise and great as these,
Still would I feel, in soul and knee,
The spell her voice throws over me.

Madeline S. Bridges.

A CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

"What's old Brown's address?"
"Old Timothy Brown?"
"Yes."
"He's dead—died last week."
"Then I'll put it, 'Address as above.'"

A SAD ANNIVERSARY.

STRANGER (to YOUNG GENTLEMAN).—You seem sad, sir.
YOUNG GENTLEMAN.—Ah, yes, seh. 'T was just a yeah ago to-da-ay that Lufra died.
STRANGER (tenderly).—Was Lufra your sister, sir?
YOUNG GENTLEMAN.—No, seh; Lufra was a little dog.

A NATURAL INQUIRY.

FIRST NEWPORTER.—There's another English Duke coming here soon.

SECOND NEWPORTER.—You don't say! What's his scandal?

HARD TO TELL.

CUSTOMER.—Is the proprietor in?

STUTTERING CLERK.—N-n-no, s-s-sir.

CUSTOMER.—How long before he'll be back?

STUTTERING CLERK.—B-b-before I c-c-can t-t-tell y-y-you, s-s-sir.

THE PLEASURE ALL IN HIS EYE.

Mrs. LENOX HILL, JR.—If you are a good boy, Lenny, I'll take you up to Central Park this afternoon.

LENOX HILL, 2D.—What's the fun o' going up there? All I can do is to read the signs telling me what not to do!



IF THE best hammock is made of grass, what is the matter with saving the price by reclining on the fragrant sward?

THE EARTH is the Lord's; but the places under the earth belong to the gas and subway companies.

THE SAYING, "Never run down your neighbor," should not in the future be regarded either as an old saw, or a cross-cut saw, but as a cross-town saw. It is supposed to have been invented by a director of some ancient bobtail street-car line that came to grief.

THE COMING ELECTION, if managed by the bright lights of pugilism, would undoubtedly result in a "draw."

FROM THE way a dry-goods clerk capers about while on his annual two weeks' vacation, one would fancy that his employer gave him a furlough simply to be rid of him.

CONNECTICUT WILL reap a harvest out of the olive-wood trinkets that are representing Sorrento and Bellagio at the Ohio Centennial Exhibition.

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON makes the assertion that a comic picture can be no more good art "than a comic building, a droll town hall, or a laughable palace." — *Evening Sun*. Which is to say that good humor is the only human quality shut out of the Palace of Art. Go to, Diogenes, go to! Drop your sputtering lantern of theory, and come out of your tub into the sunlight. All Nature laughs, then why should not Art?

SCIENTISTS SAY that the only article used as food from the mineral kingdom is common salt. In that case, we should like to know the kingdom scientists consider cheap sugar belongs to.

TAKING SOUNDINGS.

MR. SCHWIRMER (to the young widow of old Otard).—And so you really say, Mrs. Otard, that a girl of twenty can actually be sincere when she says she truly loves a man of fifty?

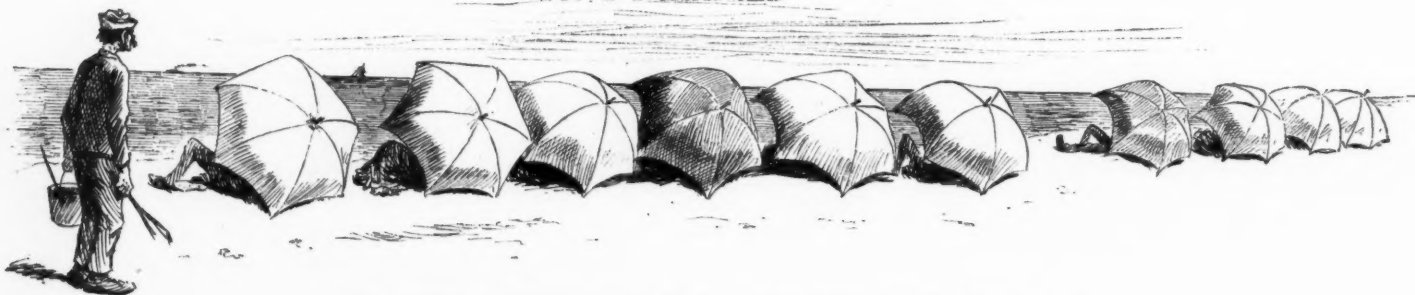
MRS. OTARD (indignantly).—Sincere? Of course I do!
MR. SCHWIRMER.—Oh, thank you! Then may be there'll be some chance for me twenty years hence, after all!

IT IS NOW about the time that the horny-handed, neck-whiskered philosopher from the back woods gives out the information, based on some eccentricity of the woodchuck, that we are going to have the coldest Winter since '32, or thereabout.

WHEN YOU come to consider the volume of the elephant's trunk, it seems reasonable to assume that, properly supplied with Scotch snuff, his sneeze ought to be sufficient, in the hands of a proper scientist, for a new motive power.

IT IS VERY difficult for some women to get into a hammock gracefully; but it is very much more difficult for the average man to get out of one at all, unless he hears the dinner-bell.

THE HAND OF FATE.—I.



PERIPATETIC ADVERTISING-SIGN PAINTER.—Jest ten of 'em; divided off, too! —

HOTELS.

IN SPEAKING OF HOTELS, I wish to be understood as referring only to those establishments which come under the head of summer hotels.

That there are summer hotels and summer hotels goes without saying. At the same time, it is difficult to explain just why and how one is better than the rest. Every man who visits the same place and house summer after summer, has some reason for so doing. It is either the quality of the air, the nearness to the city, the excellence of the table, the lowness of the price, or some other pleasant feature that continues to recommend it to him as the best place in the land.

I traveled around quite a while before I found the hotel that struck me as being ideal. It was not a big rambling structure, owned by a stock company and supplied with electric lights and a brass band. It was a very humble frame building, sadly in need of a coat of paint. Its wall paper was worse than its carpets; its carpets were worse than its beds; and its pictures were worse than all the other things in the place put together. But it was the kind of a hotel at which you could have fun, and that is why I liked it. It made no difference to me if my slumber was disturbed by the ceiling falling in my face or if a slat fell out and wedged me between two others when I least expected it, so long as I knew the place to be full of amusing irregularities.

The bowling alley was so full of inequalities that a new guest could never win a game while he was new. You could tell just how long a guest had been at the house by the way he bowled. It generally took two weeks to master the inequalities sufficiently to make a ten-strike, and a guest of one week's standing would not have the ghost of a chance with one who had been playing there for a fortnight.

There was not a ball in the alley that was perfectly round, and the way in which they jumped and wobbled along toward the ten-pins made accurate playing almost impossible.

The boats were very much like the ten-pin alley, in that they leaked almost as much as the roof of that structure. They leaked so much that the rowing of them was easy compared with the bailing. Each boat was supplied with a vegetable can, as well as oars, and was tied to the dock at night to keep it from sinking.

The billiard and pool-balls were very much like the ten-pin balls—they were not round. And every once in a while one would fly off the table and pocket itself in a hole in the floor, down by the back door. Not a cue in the place could be used satisfactorily. They were either too heavy or had no tips on them. The chalk consisted of one piece—the kind used for working with on a blackboard; and, on a certain occasion, when this could not be found, the boy who took care of the boats handed out some pink tooth-powder as a substitute. Often, when on the point of striking the cue-ball, a gust of wind would fly in off the lake and blow out all the lamps.

I could and did have more fun at this place in a day than I could have found at a resort of fashion and gayety in a month. Everything was quaint and primitive, and the proprietor's confidence in his guests was so beautiful and complete that no one would shatter it by abuse. He would leave the glass case open, which made the cigars and postage stamps contained therein as free as the ice-water that stood near by. We all had a splendid time of it. We managed the table by a financial system, that amounted simply to a protective tariff. The following table will give some idea of it:

To having a couple of poached eggs at night, when there was nothing

in the house but cold mutton cut thinner than tissue paper, ten cents per week.

To having our steaks, bacon and chops broiled, one dollar per week to the chef.

To getting a clean napkin every morning, ten cents per week.

To having more than the bottom of soup-plate covered, and more than half a cup of coffee at breakfast, ten cents per week.

To having oatmeal not left over from previous day, ten cents per week.

To having the hot biscuits put where they could be reached without harpoons, ten cents per week.

To having an extra portion brought in without asking for it, ten cents per week.

This will serve to show how we came to live like fighting cocks. Under this system I grew balder and stouter every day, until I was playfully and ironically called the Marble Faun, by a child of genius whom I shall here take the liberty of designating a horse-marine painter.

Ah! I can never forget this hotel. It all comes back to me like a childish dream. The rickety piazza, the

A SENSITIVE SPIRIT.



APPLICANT FOR A JOB (to MANAGER of "Toothene" Advertising Department).—Stern necessity, sir, obliges me to accept your terms, and perform this painful task. But I have occupied an exalted position in society, at one time, and if you will make a trifling concession to a not unnatural sensitiveness, I will attempt a slight rearrangement of this galling object—



—Thank you, sir. I think my incognito is perfect.

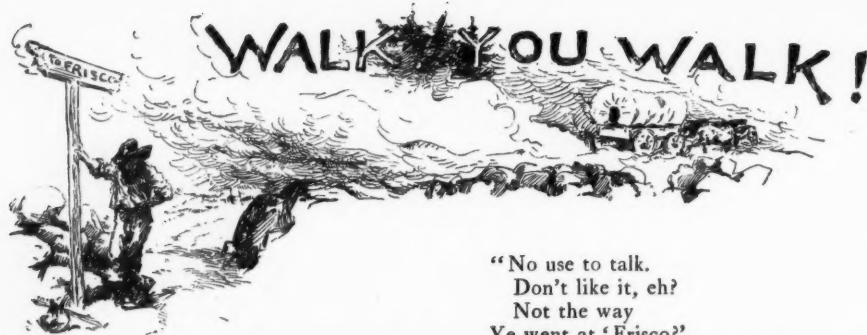
squeaking stairs, the huge bottle on the office desk, and the great pile of putty blowers beside it. The huge bottle was filled with ammonia, and we frequently stood around it in great numbers, waiting for a chance to bathe our mosquito bites. The putty blowers were for putting out the high lamps in the halls. When we went up late, we took a putty blower along, and that is how we put out the hall lamp near our door, in one fell blow.

R. K. M.

THE HAND OF FATE.—II.



—I'd have bad luck if I let that chance go by.



WALK YOU WALK!

UP THE dusty way from "Frisco" town,
To where the mines their treasure hide,
The road is long, and many miles
The golden store and town divide.

Along this road one summer day
There toiled a tired man;
Begrimed with dust, the weary way
He cursed as some folks can.

Our traveler hailed a passing team
That slowly dragged its load along;
His hail roused up the teamster old
And checked his jolly song.

"Say, stranger!" "Wal'? whoa!"

"Kin I walk
Behind yer load
A spell on this road?"

"Wal', no, ye can't walk;
But get up on this seat,
An' we 'll jest talk.
Git up, hyar!"

"Thet ain't wot I want;
I ain't thet kind;
Fer 't is on behind,
Right in yer dust,
Thet's like a smudge,
I want to trudge,
Fur I desearve it."

"Well, pard, I ain't no hog;
I don't own this road afore nor 'hind,
So jest git right in the dirt an' walk,
Ef thet's the way yer 'clined!"

"Yeh hup! gelang!" the driver said;
The creaking wagon moved amain;
While, close behind, the stranger toiled,
And clouds of dust rose up again.

The teamster heard the stranger talk,
As if two trudged behind his van;
Yet, looking 'round, could only spy
A single, lonely man.

Yet heard the teamster words like these
Come out the dust, as from a cloud;
For the weary footman spoke his mind,
His thoughts he uttered loud.

And this the burden of his talk:
"Walk, now, — you, walk!"



"No use to talk.
Don't like it, eh?
Not the way
Ye went at 'Frisco?'
Walk, — you, walk!"

"Went up in the mines
And made yer stake;
'Nough to take
Ye back to ther State
Whar ye wuz born.
Whar, now, is yer corn?
Walk, — you, walk!"

"Dust in yer eyes,
Dust in yer nose,
Dust down yer throat
An' thick on yer close;
Can't hardly talk.
I know it; but you jest
Walk, — you, walk!"



"Wot did ye dew with yer tin?
Oh, blew every ounce of it in!
Got drunk, got sober; got drunk ag'in.
Wal', walk, — you, walk!"

"Wot did ye dew? Wal', I swar,
When ye wuz down thar,
Tell me wot ye did n't dew?
Yer gold dust flew;
You thought it fine
Fer ter keep op'nin' wine.
Now, walk, — you, walk!"

"Every one wuz yer friend,
When ye had dust fer ter lend
An' coin fer ter spend:
Did n't think of the end:
Tried to 'buck a queer game'—
Nary a red, now, to yer name.
Wal', walk, — you, walk!"

"Had a cool forty thousand or so.
Now, wot yer got ter show
Fer all thet?
Not a cussed red cent,

You let her went —
Nuthin' too good
Fer yer youthful blood.
Now, walk, — you, walk!

"Chokes ye, this dust?
Wal', thet ain't the wust —
When ye git thar
Whar the diggin's are,
No pick, no shovel, no pan!
Wal', yer a healthy man —
Jest walk, — you, walk!"

"Wish ye could stop to drink —
What — water? Wal'! jest think
How at 'Frisco' — wal', water thar
With ye wa'n't anywhar —
It wuz wine — 'Extra Dry.'
Oh, you flew high!
Now, walk, — you, walk!"

"Ye say ye've 'sunthin' larned.'
Wal', I'll be darned!
Hearn ye say thet afore:
Yet ye tried — jest wunct more."
"Wal', thet's so; but this 's the last!
I'm done! Jig's up! All's past!"
"Ye hear me talk?
Walk, — you, walk!"

"I've swore off." "Guess yer late."
"No more on my plate.
Ef I ag'in git my pile —
Wal', I should smile! —
Let me ag'in salt her down;
I'll go 'roun' that 'Frisco' town
If I walk;
Yes, — me, walk!"

MORAL.

The fools don't all go to "Frisco" town;
Nor do they all from the mines come down.
About all of us have, in our day,
In some sort of shape, some kind of way,
Painted the town with the "old stuff";
Dipped in stocks, or made some bluff;
Got caught in wedlock by a shrew;
Mixed wines, old and new;
Seen the sights, been out all night,
Rolled home in the morning light,
With crumpled tie and torn clawhammer;
Waked up next day with a "Katzen-
jammer" —
Then walked, — how we walked!

Now, don't try to yank every bun:
Don't try to have all the fun:
Don't think you know it all:
Don't know that stocks will fall:
Don't try to bluff on an ace:
Don't know the horse in the race:
Don't get scooped by a pretty face:
Lest, when you awake,
You may talk,
And the burden be:
"Walk, — you, walk!"
Elok.



Seasonable SHORT STUFF

PEOPLE WHO go to the mountains to camp out, can avoid the inconvenience of storms, mosquitos, etc., by pitching their tent in a large room in a first-class hotel.]

SUCH is the spirit of extravagance at Saratoga, that some politicians who go there don't like to wear the same set of convictions for two consecutive days.

A NEW SPECIES.

ENGLISH-AMERICAN (*in dime-museum, a few years hence*).—D'ye know, I cahn't see any curiosity about that man. It's w'at you call a "fake," I fahncy.

GERMAN-AMERICAN.—Dot show vas no goot.

FRENCH-AMERICAN.—Zat ees not von bearded lady; eet ees not von living skeleton; eet ees not von vild man of Borneo. Vat he is?

DIME-MUSEUM MANAGER.—Fake, is it? Sure thot mon's the foinest curiosity in siven counties; an' a har-r-rud toime we had foindin' him. He's an American-American, begobbs.

CONEY ISLAND FASHION NOTE.

When only one shirt is worn, it should be of red flannel, with garniture of two suspenders.

TRUE AND TIMELY.

"WHY ARE you out with your hose and broom, Mr. Jenkins? The watering-cart and the street-cleaner have just gone through the avenue.

MR. J.—Yes. What with the dust raised by the one and the dirt dropped by the other, a householder is kept busy these days.

THERE WAS NO DANGER.

EXCITED FARMER (*to MAN with fishing tools*).—Look here, you can't catch fish in this stream!

PISCATORIOUS.—That's all right. I won't catch any thing. I belong to the Washington Base-ball Club.



IT LOOKED THAT WAY.

OPPOSITE PASSENGER (*observing advertising card*).—Well, I've long suspected it, and now I know it!

STATISTICS.

WORKINGMAN (*to HIGH-TARIFF ORATOR*).—Now, I will tell you what makes your arguments so telling: you get the figures so exact. How do you remember them?

HIGH-TARIFF ORATOR.—Oh, I make them up!

A REPUBLICAN WAR-WHOOP.

Let belly go hungry, and back go cold
When the frosts of Winter come;
Little care we, so the vote be polled
For the party of untaxed rum;
For blankets and clothing are naught, I trow,
And victuals are little worth,
If we all get rum and tobacco enow,
And can drink till we own the earth.

I. F. H.



IT WAS NOT ALTOGETHER DISADVANTAGEOUS.

"Whenever Thurman and I have joined hands against Jay Gould and monopolists of the sort in the Senate, James G. Blaine has invariably started up from behind Gould's breastworks, musket in hand."

—Geo. F. Edmunds.

WHAT IT MEANS.

WHEN YOU see several guests rush into the breakfast room of the summer hotel before the bell rings—

When you see a young woman at the above-mentioned table, taking alternate gulps from a cup of hot coffee in one hand and a tumbler of ice-water in the other, in order to finish quickly without scalding herself to death—

When you see a man looking nervously out of the dining-room window, and inserting a spoonful of oat-meal in his eye by mistake—

When you see a young man slipping his boiled eggs into his pocket to gain time by eating them outside—

When you see the boy of sixteen with three or four mouthfuls in his mouth at once, and swallowing water to force them down—

When you see the middle-aged man eating with his high hat on by mistake—

Then, oh, then, Horatio, may you wager your ultimate shekel of silver that the guests are engaged in a wild race to be the first upon the campus, in order to secure the tennis court and hold it for the day.

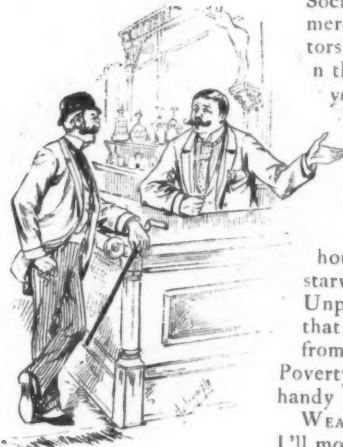
BOYCOTTS AND BOYCOTTS.

CUSTOMER.—Didn't see the papers this morning, eh? Well, the Society of Self-made Men, composed of merchants, manufacturers, lawyers, doctors and preachers whose residences are in this neighborhood, resolved that unless you moved your saloon further away from Temperance Square they would boycott you.

WEALTHY SALOON-KEEPER.—Yah, yah, yah! Ho, ho, ho! That's too good!

CUSTOMER.—And at about the same hour, at a meeting of the Order of Half-starved, Down-trodden, Overworked and Unpaid Laboring Men, it was resolved that unless you moved your saloon away from Temperance Square and nearer to Poverty Flats, where it would be more handy to them, they'd boycott you.

WEALTHY SALOON-KEEPER.—Great Scott! I'll move.



PUCK.

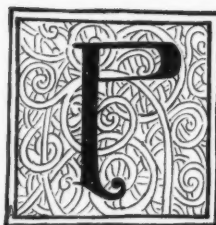


WESTWARD THE STAR OF PRO



J. EDGAR SMITH. LITH. BY W. B. BROWN. N. Y.

OF PROGRESS TAKES ITS WAY.



PERSONAL.

INFORMATION WANTED OF ONE FAIRCHILD, MYSTERIOUSLY disappeared. Familiarly known as "Palsy." Has not been heard of for a year or more. Information as to his present whereabouts will be thankfully received. Address, THREE-OF-A-KIND, New York Post-office.

B. H. — HAVE YOU BEEN NOMINATED? ANSWER in confidence. W—w R—D.

H. RIDER H. — IF YOU SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT, WHERE WOULD YOU BE? COPYRIGHT.

THE PARTY WHO PICKED UP A BOOM, OVERBOARD FROM THE *D. B. Hill*, BY returning it will receive the thanks of the owner.

W. MC A. — * * * CCCC. * * * *

400.

J. P. F. — GAME UP. CAN'T FRY ANY MORE; THEY SAY IT IS TOO THIN. Our everlasting anathemas are upon you for letting the cat out of the bag. These are strong words and bitter, but they are true.

NAT. REP. COM.

LETTER MAILED.

ABRAM S.

W. HOUSE. — PROBABLE THAT THE ENGAGEMENT FOR MARCH WILL HAVE TO be postponed, owing to circumstances over which we have not sufficient control. H. & M.

IF JAMES GILLESPIE BLAINE, FORMERLY OF SCOTLAND, SAID TO HAVE EMIGRATED recently to America, will send a year's subscription to Puck, he will learn something to his advantage.

THE KEEN-EDGED EMBLEM OF TRUTH.

The paradox in political strife,
We think, has nothing to match it;
The hotter the war goes on, we see
The deeper is buried the hatchet.

IT IS UNDERSTOOD that when Mr. Blaine shall be elected Secretary of State, he will freely consent to have General Harrison remain in the Presidential office.

DON'T GIVE a policeman a drop of brandy on Sunday, even if he claims to be dying. He would certainly manage to survive long enough to arrest you.

NEXT NOVEMBER the Cleveland men will throw their hats in the air, and don new ones paid for by the Harrison men.

IN A REGULAR PICKLE — Corned Beef.

A MAN is often highly esteemed for what we don't know about him.

ANOTHER DEADLY BLOW has been dealt at American literature. What is to become of that perfumed darling, the Muse of the Advertising Poet, when the sordid hand of the Soap Trust is laid upon her trembling lyre?

THE STREET-CAR of the future may be run after more scientific principles; but the street-car of the passed is run after most eagerly now.

AT A SEASIDE HOTEL you can always tell a dry-goods clerk by the way he folds his napkin; and a bartender by the way in which he feels under the table-leaf for a drawer of sugar to sweeten his tea.

AN UNANSWERABLE CONUNDRUM.

WHITELAW JONES (*crawling slowly along Park Row, with the expression of a caged tiger on his visage*). — Heavens! These people move along as if they had all eternity ahead of them!

DANA SPACE (*his friend — mildly*). — Well, have n't they?



MORE PARALYZED INDUSTRIES.

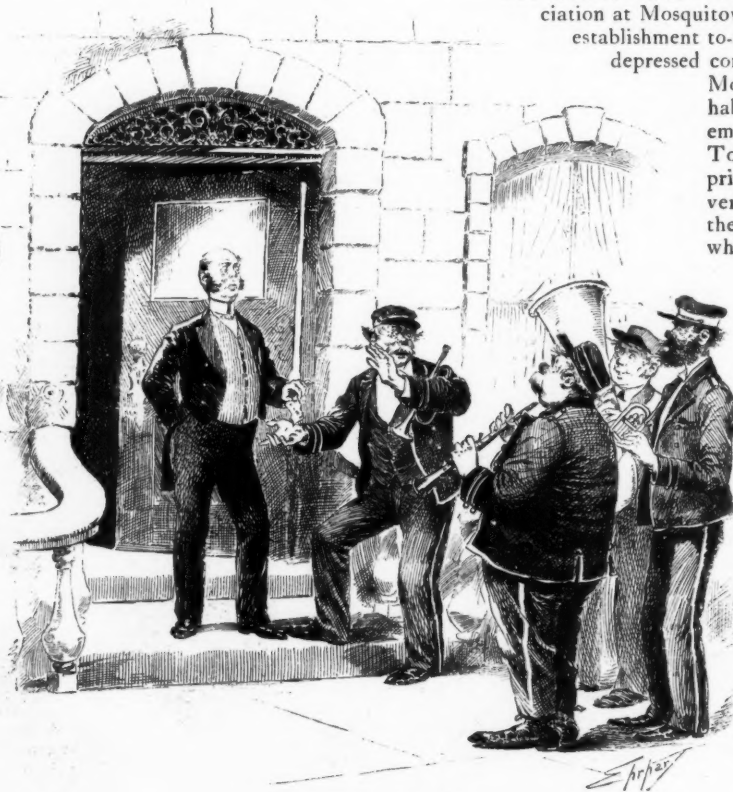
WE HEAR ON good authority, that Signor and Signora Tomatocanno, the well-known garbage inspectors of Newark, N. J., have signified their intention of giving up business, in consequence of the prevailing uncertainty concerning the tariff. Any reduction of the duty on foreign rags, the Signor says, will "hurta very mucha" that particular branch of American industry to which the Signora and himself have so assiduously devoted their time and their talents. Sgr. Tomatocanno's bag and poker will be idle; but it is useless to hope that even this will have any effect on the Free-Trade politicians, who seem bent at all hazards on destroying our industry, for the sole benefit of European capitalists.

The American Doll-Stay-and-Boot-Lace Manufactory, which for two years has carried on business in a back room on the seventh floor of the McRookery flat, shut down yesterday, owing to the agitation of the Mills Bill, and the disturbing effect of such a measure on the commerce of the country. The wages paid in Europe are very much lower than those paid by the American Doll-Stay-and-Boot-Lace Company, so that the latter feel no encouragement to go on with the business, and consequently their staff of employees, consisting of two old women and a boy, will be thrown out of employment. So much indignation has been aroused in the neighborhood over the causes which have led to the abandonment of this important industry, that the residents of the McRookery flat have organized themselves into a Harrison and Morton Club. They will be heard from in November.

The United States Wooden Toothpick Manufacturing Association at Mosquitoville, Wayback Co., will close their establishment to-morrow. The trade has been in a depressed condition since the President's message.

Mosquitoville is a village of twenty inhabitants, and seven of these at least are employed by the United States Wooden Toothpick Association. It will not surprise any one to learn that there is a very strong protectionist feeling among the people of this important community, which will add tremendously to the wave of popular indignation when it sweeps the country next November.

The rat-catching industry of Catnip Creek Valley, which was carried on by old Mike Sloan and his two dogs, has been abandoned in consequence of impending changes in the tariff. It will be evident that no self-respecting American rat-catcher will consent to put his labor into competition with the pauper labor of Europe, and this would certainly be the case if foreign rat-skins were admitted duty free. Mr. Sloan has therefore retired from the profession in disgust. The rat-catching industry of Catnip Creek Valley is therefore paralyzed — the rat-catcher himself, very often — a most deplorable state of things, and the natural result of the disastrous policy pursued by the present Free-Trade administration.



CHEERING HIM UP.

BUTLER (*after the "Queen's Mate" has been rendered four times and repeat*). — 'Ere s a dollar, an' th' master says would you kindly move hon? 'e 's very hill!

LEADER SCHWANENFLUGEL. — Dot vos a square mans, fellers. Ve him blay der "Det March in Sauls," oud ohf compliments!

CONCEIT, LIKE any other seat, should be sat on.

RANDOM REMARKS.

A MAN NEVER KNOWS all the penalties of living in the rural districts, until he wakes up some fine morning, after a heavy shower, and finds his carriage road washed over on his neighbor's lawn.

THE CHINESE laundryman is sorely puzzled when he sees "Myrtilla" scribbled on the cuffs of the book-keeper who is a returned rusticator.

THE TRUTH of the theory contained in Darwin's chief work does not burst upon one so suddenly while reading the book, as while visiting almost any high-priced, so-called aristocratic resort.

IF THERE IS luck in odd numbers, as we are told there is, the Sweet Singer of Michigan ought to be the chief particular idol of Sunny Fortune.

AS A RULE, the hardest thing to stand at a summer hotel is the guests you meet.

A MAN IN Galveston ate twenty-three eggs at one meal. The jury said he died from ova-feeding.

A CIRCULATING MEDIUM — Blood.

DARKNESS IS Day's robe de nuit, but Puck's LIBRARY is Day's immaculate shirt-front, aglow and alive with 18-carat gems.

THE EQUILIBRIST'S LIFE hangs in the balance.

AN IRISHMAN recently spoke of a man who had tried in every way, but could n't commit suicide to save his life.

WHEN A MAN'S mouth and teeth are one snarl and tangle of string-bean strings, he can but reflect on the small head and the large conscience of the sponsor in calling it a string-bean, instead of giving it a name calculated to cover this, its only defect.

"THE THOUGHTS OF YOUTH ARE LONG, LONG THOUGHTS."

"It's Papa's birthday next week, Johnny," remarked Mama, "and you ought to be thinking of giving him a present."

"Yairp," said Johnny.

"You had n't forgotten it, had you?"

"Yop."

"Then you had n't thought of any thing to give him?"

"Nawp."

"Let's see. You've saved up two dollars, have n't you?"

"Yup."

"Then don't you think it would be a good thing to give him a real nice, new pair of slippers?"

"Whap?"

"A nice new pair of slippers, with red morocco —"

"Nawp!" said Johnny, with solid emphasis: "what's the matter with giving my money to the heathen?"



"A pamphlet with the title 'The Tariff?' consisting of cartoons and comments from PUCK, has been issued by the publishers of that weekly. It is issued primarily as a campaign document, but is also valuable in the line of general information. For a clear and concise exposition of the working of the present tariff laws to the disadvantage of the consumer and the great majority of the people of the country, this little book surpasses any thing we have seen. The facts and figures given can not be denied, are convenient for reference and valuable for study; the cartoons are vigorous; and the comments clear and logical."—*Boston Times*.

FOR BOYNTON'S FURNACES AND RANGES,
Go to the BOYNTON FURNACE CO., 207 & 209 Water Street, N. Y.

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.



CAST UP BY THE SEA.

Mr. and Mrs. Garden Truck, having long heard of the delights of sea bathing, come down from Canastota to take a dip in the ocean at Manhattan Beach. It seems a little strange at first —

GREAT ADIOUX AMONG THE SIOUX.

NOW TROUBLE brixoux among the Sioux,
Because the whites their rights abiox,
The sky is red with battle hioux,
Big Injun, squaw, and young pappiox
Are on the war-path by the slioux;
They're filling up with fiery bioux,
They swear their lands they will not lioux,
The thought of it gives them the blioux,
To yield an inch they will refioux;
They'll kick against the white man's vioux,
And vow they'll raise the worst of stioux;
"War to the knife" is what they chioux,
And they'll shake some one out their shioux
Before the later Autumn dioux,
If they don't from their lands vamioux.
So it is certain as the Jioux
That whites would better mind their quiox
According to the latest nioux.

A. W. Bellaw.

THE TABLES TURNED.

BOARDING-HOUSE MISTRESS.—Well, if you'll agree to make yourself handy, and do all the chores around the house, I'll pay you five dollars a week.

O'ROURKE.—Foive dollars a wake—very well, mum. And as we now do be sthrangers, I suppose yez will folly the reg'lar boardin'-house rules, and pay in advance?

SORROWS OF THE ELECT.

THE REV. DR. KNICKERBEIN.—It is a sad thing, indeed, sir, that your son, at the tender age of twenty-two should drink a glass of beer on a hot day; but you should try to bear your cross with the fortitude of a Christian!

ELDER BERRY.—I'd try to, if that's all I was; but remember, Doctor, I'm a Prohibitionist.

On Saturday, Sept. 1st,
"The Leading Fall Style" in Gentlemen's Hats will be introduced by
ESPENSCHIED, 118 Nassau St., 118.

A thousand hearty laughs and twice as many smiles are to be found in "PUCK'S OPFER BOOK," published by Keppler & Schwarzmann, publishers of PUCK. The work is a collection of the best pictures made by Oppen, the caricaturist, who, by the way, is an old Ohio boy, and one of the foremost artists of the age. The illustrations embrace every phase of human life, and caustically score the prevalent errors and popular shams. It is a sure cure for the blues, for the crustiest crank in Christendom can not look at a page of it without bursting into a wholesome, liver-loosening, Christian laugh. The book sells for 30 cents, but is worth much more.—*Youngstown Sunday Telegram*.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And PICKINGS FROM PUCK did he buy with his gold.

1840 1888 A PARALLEL.

DURING the memorable Presidential Campaign of 1840, when the Whigs were cheering and fairly shaking the earth for "Tippecanoe and Tyler too!" and the Democrats, equally aroused and eager for the fray, were hurrahing for "Polk, Dallas, and the Tariff of '42"—green apples in June played the same sad havoc with the small boy's belly as did bad water and indigestible things generally, with older folk's machinery. The result is precisely the same to-day as then. Green apples come and go; Cramps, Colic and Indigestion hold high carnival, until, as in 1840, Fred. Brown's Ginger saves the day, and makes the voter happy, whether he be Whig, Republican or Democrat. Many there are at the present time who can recall the fact that even in that far-away year Fred. Brown's Ginger was an old and reliable family remedy. 'T is almost 50 years since that memorable campaign, and while men and the times have changed, this old-time necessity—reliable at all seasons—remains the same to this hour—safe, sure and honest in its work, and more than ready to enter upon the campaign now at hand; pledged to do all it claims, if fairly dealt with by those who seek its help.

PARIS,
19 Passage Saulnier.

LYONS,
4 Quai de Retz.

**Darlington,
Runk & Co.**

The most thoroughly equipped Dry Goods Establishment of the very highest order in America.

IMPORTERS, JOBBERS and RETAILERS.

**RICH SILKS and
HIGH-CLASS DRESS FABRICS.**

Correspondence solicited from all sections of the Country.

**1126 & 1128 Chestnut St.
Philadelphia**

HOW TO BUY LAND

Certified Checks, Payable at Sight on the Puget Sound National Bank, Given as Security for Money Invested

To those desirous of buying property on time, we offer the following: We will allow from 3 months to 5 years' time, according to the land you select. We charge neither premium nor interest on time payments, and will give you a warranty deed. We have lots at \$50 and \$65 that are within a radius of two and a half miles of the post-office. We require only 10 per cent. as an earnest money, and we will give certified check for the full amount of each and every subsequent payment. The check is drawn by the Puget Sound National Bank, and is made payable at sight, and you can draw your money at any time, though by so doing you forfeit your rights to purchase land. Make your income, no matter how small, earn something. Transcontinental railroads are heading for Seattle, and manufacturing is flourishing. General commerce is in a state of substantial progression. The daily papers are filled with accounts of new enterprises. Cable cars and horse cars circle Seattle. Address **COOK & MOORE**, who have the LARGEST PROPERTY LIST in

SEATTLE, W. T.

Geo. B. Cluett, Bro. & Co.



Mrs. T. T. N. Y.

SOMETHING NEW UNDER THE Sun.
It is well for every young voter to survey the whole field. After doing so, the proper way for him and for all of us is to form an independent judgment, worthy of a free and fearless citizen of the United States.—*Evening Sun, August 15th, 1888.*

Is n't this the kind of voter our C. A. D. called a Mugwump a year or so ago? Is our friend becoming a dude?

How It Works.

RICH MANUFACTURER.—Well, how did you succeed at Castle Garden?

SECRETARY.—Finely. Engaged twenty Hungarians, fifteen Poles, seventeen Italians, eighteen Bulgarians, sixteen Russians and a miscellaneous collection whose nationalities I didn't stop to ask.

RICH MANUFACTURER.—Glorious! That will end the strike in my factory. Now take this check over to the President of the High Tariff League for the Protection of American Labor.—*Philadelphia Record.*

A **FARMER** writes to an agriculture paper asking "How to Make Fence Posts Last?" and the editor wisely restrains an impulse to tell him to make the fence rails first.—*Norristown Herald.*

"WRITERS' cramp" is said to affect the hand; but the more common kind affects the pocket.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*



Oh, come, fair Columbia, and turn from the crowd
Of political combatants, clamoring loud:
Oh, leave them to bicker and quarrel and jar,
Like the flats and the sharps that they frequently are.
And turn to the instrument perfect, complete,
That beats Time himself, and can never be beat:
For the SONNER PIANO, as certain as fate,
Is "the ticket" to win, for the year '88.

Copyright by SONNER & Co., 1888. From "The Midsummer Puck," 1888.

Pears' Soap

Fair white hands Bright clear complexion Soft healthful skin.

**WOHLFARTH'S
TONIC WINE OF COCA**
For Mental and Physical EXHAUSTION.
15 cents a bottle at Druggists, or at
J. WOHLFARTH, 36 Cold St., New York.



Conceded by the greatest authorities to be unequaled on either Hemisphere. Factory founded 1842 at Manchester, England. Catalogue free. LYON & NEALY, Chicago, Sole Agts. for the U.S.

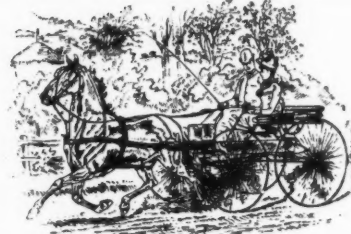
CARL UPMANN'S BOUQUET CIGAR.



BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

All genuine CARL UPMANN'S BOUQUET CIGARS have a band bearing his name, as in above cut. This is the finest three-for-a-quarter cigar manufactured in the world. For the past six years it has been sold by the leading jobbers in the United States, and has steadily increased in popularity and volume, and to-day it stands without a rival. For sale by all first-class Retailers and by the following well-known Jobbers:

Howard W. Spurr & Co., Boston.
Ross W. Weir & Co., New York.
Henry Straus, Cincinnati.
Jas. H. Brookmire & Co., St. Louis.
McCord, Brady & Co., Omaha.
J. S. Brown & Bro., Denver.
Geo. Wright & Bro., Milwaukee.
H. W. Bernheim & Co., Montgomery.
Sprague, Warner & Co., Chicago.
The Western News Co., Chicago.
Fred. J. Kiesel & Co., Ogden.
Idelman Bros., Cheyenne.
Harrison, Farrington & Co., Minneapolis.
T. C. Power & Bro., Fort Benton.
T. M. Joslin, Bismarck.
B. Kahn, Santa Fe.



"THE HORSE AND BUGGY."

A beautifully printed and handsomely illustrated book of forty pages, seven by seven inches. Every man or boy who owns or intends to buy a horse or buggy should get this book, as it is full of useful and money-saving information.

Sent, postage prepaid, to anyone who will mention where he saw this advertisement, for three two-cent stamps, by the

STANDARD WAGON CO., CINCINNATI, O.

Campaign Badge Free with \$1 order, either party. Nickel Plated, Self-Inking Pen and Penell Stamp.

Your name on in Rubber, only 30 Cts. silver. 1/2 Club of 6 different names for \$1. bill. Close to carry in Pocket. Strongest made. RUBBER STAMP CO., New Haven, Conn.

ESTABLISHED 1801.

BENT & CO.'S WATER CRACKERS.

Celebrated Hand-Made
Guaranteed Easy of Digestion. Absolutely Pure.
BENT & CO., MILTON, MASS.

\$5 to \$8 a day. Samples worth \$1.50, FREE. Lines not under the horse's feet. Write **Browder's Safety Rein Holder Co., Holly, Michigan.**

THE American Minister at Pekin says that wages in China at the highest are two cents a day. Yet China is the most protected country in the world.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE N. E. Historical Society has a pipe that once belonged to General Jackson; but the General's "old soldiers" are all gone.—*Exchange.*

"Every voter who desires an excellently illustrated campaign document should send ten cents to Keppler & Schwarzmann, PUCK Building, New York City, for 'The Tariff?' It's worth fifty times its cost, and contains much valuable reading matter."—*Doylestown (Pa.) Democrat.*

THE TARIFF ?

Cartoons and Comments from PUCK.

10 Cents per Copy. 10 Cents per Copy.

A liberal discount on quantities. Correspondence invited.

All Newsdealers sell Puck's "THE TARIFF QUESTION." Sent on receipt of price by

THE PUBLISHERS OF PUCK,
PUCK BUILDING, NEW YORK.

"BEAUTY IS BUT SKIN DEEP."

BAILEY'S
BATH AND FLESH
BRUSH
GIVES
PERFECT CIRCULATION
OF THE BLOOD
PRICE \$1.50
AND
PURIFIES
THE SKIN.
C. J. BAILEY & CO.
BOSTON, MASS.

Size,
3 x 5 in.

Size,
3 x 5 in.

Size,
3 x 5 in.

MAY 22, 1888.
"The rubber brushes I bought of you have proved more than satisfactory, and in their line are certainly a long stride forward. By the use of them one's hands can be more quickly and thoroughly cleansed than with the bristle brushes, while, in addition, they leave the skin more pliant, less liable to chaf, and reduce to a minimum the chances of incurring 'hangnails' and fissured or cracked finger tips."

"The Bath and Flesh Brushes increase very greatly the pleasure of bathing, and in the application of 'massage' I can promote cutaneous circulation as efficiently with them as with the bristle brush or hair glove, without that discomfort to the patient which the latter so frequently occasion." Very truly yours,
R. W. WALMSLEY, M. D., Canandaigua, N. Y.

Bailey's Bath and Flesh Brushes, \$1.50
Bailey's Toilet Brushes, 25 cents.
Bailey's Hand Brushes, 50 cents.

Sent, prepaid, on receipt of price. C. J. BAILEY & CO., Manufacturers, 132 Pearl Street, Boston, Mass.

SUCH HAS BEEN THE RECENT PROGRESS IN OUR branch of industry that we are now able to affirm that the James Means \$4 Shoe is in every respect equal to the shoes which only a few years ago were retailed at \$8 or \$10. If you will try on a pair you will be convinced that we do not exaggerate.

JAMES MEANS'
\$4 SHOE
CANNOT FAIL
TO
SATISFY
THE MOST
FASTIDIOUS



JAMES MEANS' \$4 SHOE

Ours are the original \$4 shoes, and those who imitate our system of business are unable to compete with us in quality of factory products. In our lines we are the largest manufacturers in the United States. Shoes from our celebrated factory are sold by wide-awake retailers in all parts of the country. We will place them easily within your reach in any State or Territory if you will invest 1 cent in a postal card and write to us.

JAMES MEANS & CO.,
41 Lincoln St., Boston, Mass.



ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS have been in use for over thirty years. They have never failed to do all that is claimed for them, and can always be depended upon.

Beware of imitations and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for **ALLCOCK'S** and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.



HEADQUARTERS

FOR FLAGS—BANNERS—TENTS—TORCHES—UNIFORMS—DRUMS—NAMES OF CANDIDATES—ORTRAITS—BANDANAS—FLAG HANDKERCHIEFS—PINS—EVERYTHING USED IN CAMPAIGNS. FIREMEN'S, MILITARY AND SPORTING GOODS. PRICES LOWER THAN ANY OTHERS. SEND FIVE CENTS FOR FULL ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

G. W. SIMMONS & CO.,
32 to 44 NORTH ST., BOSTON MASS.

"STAR" FOUNTAIN GOLD PEN.

Send for circulars. Agents wanted. Fountain Holder, fitted with best quality Gold Pen. Style, \$1; Fountain, \$1.50 and up. J. ULRICH & CO., 106 Liberty St., N. Y.

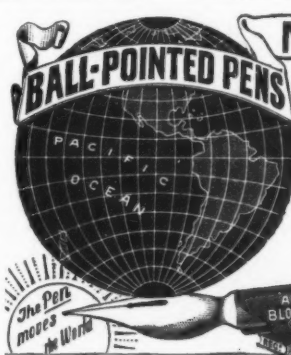


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DURABLE
SIMPLE
GUARANTEED—HIGHEST GRADE
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE—FREE

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CACTI 500 ILLUST. 68 PAGES HINTS & CATALOGUE
VAR. 125 ILLUST. 10 CENTS
A BLANC & CO. PHILADA.



MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD

The Ball-Pointed pens are suitable for writing in every position; never scratch nor spurt; hold more ink and last longer. Seven sorts for ledger, rapid, or professional writing. Price, \$1.20 and \$1.50 per gross. Buy an assorted box for 25 cents, and choose a pen to suit your hand. The "Federation" holders not only prevent the pen from blotting, but give a firm grip. Price, 5, 15 and 20 cents. Of all Stationers.



ORMISTON & GLASS
EDINBURGH

THE GENUINE

Henry Clay Cigars.FOR SALE BY } THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.
ALL DEALERS }Viuda de JULIAN ALVAREZ,
HENRY CLAY FACTORY, HABANA, CUBA.

FERD. HIRSCH,

Sole Representative for the United States,
2 BURLING SLIP, NEW YORK.

One agent (Merchant only) wanted in every town for

FREE!—A three-foot, French glass, oval-front cigar
show-case TO MERCHANTS ONLY. Address,
R. W. TANSILL & Co., 55 State St., Chicago.**QUINA LAROCHE***The Great French Tonic.*

A WONDERFUL COMBINATION

OF

PERUVIAN BARK, IRON

AND

CATALAN WINE.

It has been used in France for twenty-five years, and
exceeds in popularity any other French preparation.It prevents Malaria, Cures Malarial Fevers, tones up
the system, and invigorates the life.

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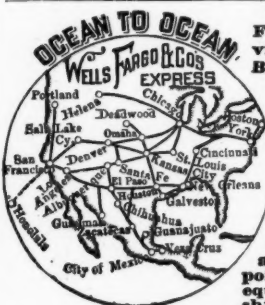
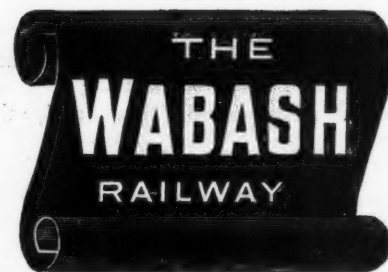
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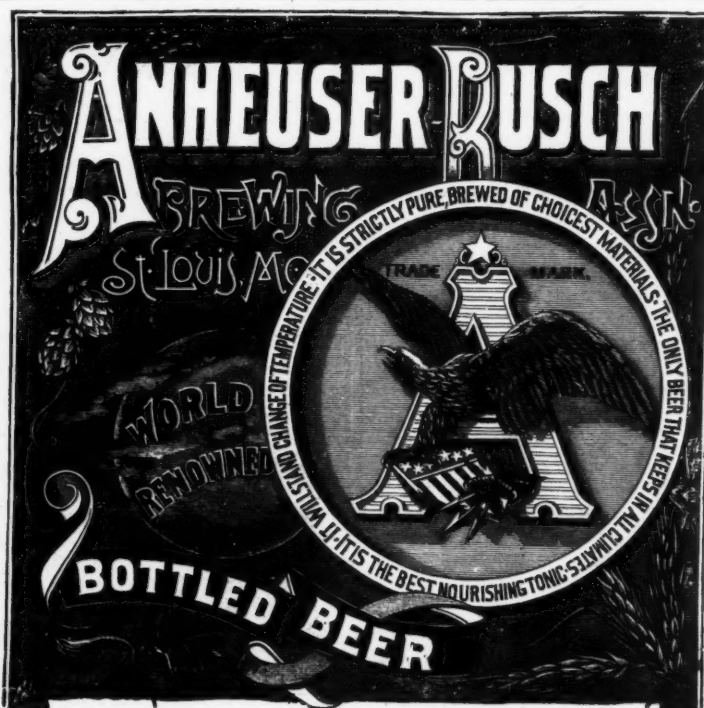
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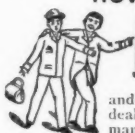
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AGENTS WANTED.
C. HENNECKE & CO., Milwaukee, Wis.
CHICAGO STORE, 207 WABASH AVENUE.
Classical and Modern Statuary.—Pamphlet FREE.



Pearline

Washing Compound

has become more popular with the women of this land—in less time—than anything ever invented for the household. *The intelligent rich* use Pearline because of the superior results obtained.

The intelligent middle class—because of the superior results, and the fact that, in doing away with the rubbing, it does away with the worst of the wear and tear on clothing and paint.

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PEARLINE will wash clothes—clean paint, china, silver, glassware, windows, oil paintings, carpets without taking up—better—in less time and with less labor, than anything known besides it is absolutely harmless.

Beware

is never peddled, but sold by all good grocers.

Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers are offering imitations which they claim to be Pearline, or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—they are not, and besides are dangerous. PEARLINE

Manufactured only by JAMES PVLE, New York.

WATCHES FREE! To advertise our house! 10,000 absolutely free. Write and be convinced.
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SHORTHAND taught by mail or personally. Frank Harrison, Stenographer, Newark, N. J.

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A PROMINENT MERCHANT KICKS!!!

Mr. Pietro Chestnutti, one of our foremost fruit dealers, said to a *Tribune* reporter: "Me no lika this-a Administration. Policeman alla time come arounda, grabba big handful of peanutta, and say, 'Garibaldi, charge it to Cleveland!'"



B. PEGGS.
SHOEMAKER.
REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.



ANOTHER MANUFACTURER REVOLTS.

(Special to the *Tribune*.)

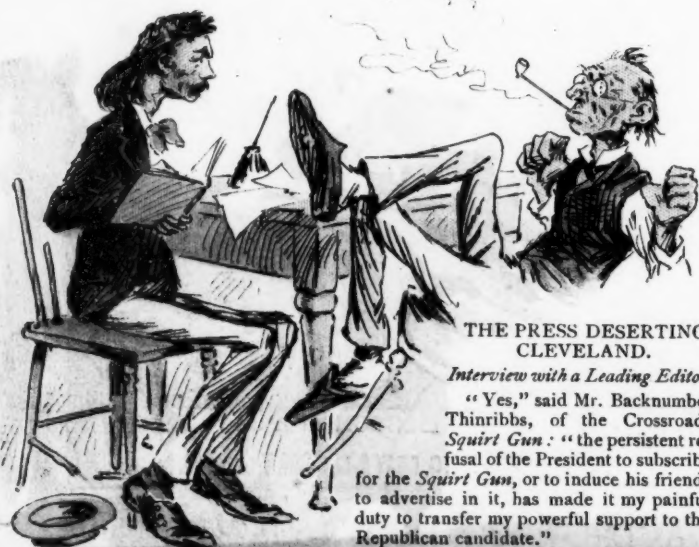
Mr. Bartholomew Peggs, a heavy shoe manufacturer, recently made a pair of large cowhide boots on speculation, and sent them to President Cleveland, with a bill for \$14.50. They were returned the next day, without thanks. This brutal treatment has determined Mr. Peggs to vote for Harrison this Fall.



STILL THEY COME!!!

Another Leading Democrat Deserts Cleveland!!

Uncle Bildad Wayoff, of Lonesome Wilderness, Wisconsin, has declared that he will not vote for Cleveland this Fall, on account of the failure of the Democrats to provide hard cider and doughnuts at the polls four years ago.



THE PRESS DESERTING CLEVELAND.

Interview with a Leading Editor.

"Yes," said Mr. Backnumber Thinribbs, of the *Crossroads Squirt Gun*: "the persistent refusal of the President to subscribe for the *Squirt Gun*, or to induce his friends to advertise in it, has made it my painful duty to transfer my powerful support to the Republican candidate."

A FINANCIER BOLTS!!!
He Won't Vote for Cleveland!!

Mr. J. Quickington Skipp, late cashier of the Confidence Bank, was seen by a *Tribune* representative yesterday: "I'm just off for Canada for an indefinite vacation," said Mr. Skipp; "but you may say for me that I'm for Harrison every time. If the bank examiners under this administration had n't been so blamed vigilant, I'd have got twice as much!"



THE "REVOLT AGAINST CLEVELAND" INDUSTRY.

Forthcoming Extracts from the *Tribune*, Predicted by Puck.